

## A Fool and His Foil.

BY TOM HALL.

Author "History of the Rough Riders," etc.

(Copyrighted, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.) The smoking room of the Occidental club, that home of wanderers, was occupied by two men. One of the two, young, handsome, perfectly at ease, was sitting by the broad window, smoking and indolently watching the passing crowd.

The other old, crabbled, ill at ease, was twirling his thumbs nervously as he sat on a sofa on the other side of the room. He was apparently making a mental study of the former. They had been introduced a few days before and since had twice said good morning and once "good night." They could hardly be considered intimate friends.

Suddenly the old man rose with a slap of his hand upon his thigh that made the younger look toward him.

"Mr. Estey," said the old man approaching the younger and drawing a chair near the window, "I take you to be a man of the world."

"To a certain extent, Mr. Beach," the younger assented.

"You are also a man of honor, if I am any judge of character," the old man continued.

"You certainly do not mean that you are going to fight at your age in life," answered the younger man, with more interest.

"With my intellect, yes," said the older man.

"And you want a second?"

"Yes—and I will explain."

Mr. Estey filled his pipe and looked interested.

Mr. Beach ordered a Claret cup and looked embarrassed.

"I am a man of wealth," said the older man. "I have a daughter, whom I love devotedly and whom I wish to



"You are also a man of honor," said Mr. Estey, "I prefer that this man be an American. I absolutely despair for her if she marries a foreigner of title."

"She is being wooed then by a fortune hunter?" interrupted the young man.

"Precisely," answered Mr. Beach, "by a confounded French count—"

"Count D'Artelle, an impecunious rake—"

"How did you know?" gasped the older man.

"I have had the misfortune to meet him and have heard him make his boasts. Moreover I know he is now at Harnwich where you reside, and I can put two and two together."

"Are you willing to help prevent one and one being put together?" asked Mr. Beach.

"In such a case, yes," answered young Estey. "But how can I serve?"

"By becoming my visitor, engaging my daughter's attentions for a while, and driving that impecunious scoundrel away."

"Do you think I could succeed?" asked Estey.

"By using the means I propose," answered the older man.

"And what are those means?" queried the younger.

"You shall go to my home as an Englishman of title, of high title, say Lord Something-or-Other, of Somewhere. My wife who is the strongest ally of this miserable Count will immediately turn in your favor, as a matter of course."

"And your daughter?"

"Ah, there's the difficulty. If she really loves the Count there will be trouble. But I do not believe, I cannot believe that she does yet—and if she does not as yet love him you ought to win by a length."

"By the Count's length on the carpet, eh?"

"Yes, if necessary. You can do it. I have heard of carpet knights, why not of carpet counts?"

"True," said the young man musingly. "But suppose—of course I have but few attractions—suppose I win the affections of this daughter of yours—what then?"

"I can fix that all right. That will be my part."

"I will do nothing dishonorable," said the young man.

"Oh—of course not—of course not—"

answered the older. "But it will be necessary for you to go as an English Lord, you know."

"I will accompany you to your home as Vincent, St. Clair, Estey, Lord Bodleigh, an English nobleman of great wealth, temporarily sojourning in America on a still hunt for adventure—"

"And adventures," added Mr. Beach. "That will be true in part at least. I understand you are an Englishman, and are here temporarily only. And all men still hunt—"

"For pretty daughters of rich men if not for adventure," quoth Mr. Estey, with a smile.

"Alas! yes," answered the old man. "Then it is agreed?"

"Done."

The two men clasped hands.

Mr. Vincent Estey, now known to the little but fashionable world of Harnwich By-the-Sea (as well as by the land), as Lord Bodleigh, was the sensation of the season. What luck it was for pretty Viola Beach that he condescended to visit her father with whom he had merely an occasional business transaction. What luck for Mrs. Beach in the social way! What luck for Mr. Beach in getting rid of the odious Count whom he was known to detest! And what luck it was, what great luck for homely Miss Brown, spinster, who, in spite of her well-filled coffers had received few if any offers, that she had succeeded to the affections of the Count D'Artelle! And what luck it was for the latter that his affections were more easily transferable than his notes! He had stood the rivalry of Lord Bodleigh a week—and then he had understood. He had uttered a few mutters about perfidious Albion and impossible America—and begun calling at least twice a day on delighted Miss Brown.

A month passed most gaily. Pretty Viola was never before so pretty. Her blushes were strawberries and cream to the eyes. Her happy girlish laughter was music to the ears. And as for Lord Bodleigh he was the delighted delight of the town.

Not quite of all the town though. Mr. Beach did not view the unexpectedly great success of Mr. Estey with the satisfaction people supposed. He discovered, all too late, that this time his daughter really was in love, and what was worse, Mr. Estey was as deeply smitten with his daughter. This would have been bad enough had Mr. Estey really been a Lord from merry England. But to have his daughter fall in love with an imposter and by his own connivance, indeed by his own machinations—that was really going too far! Too late he saw that he had jumped out of the French frying pan into the English fire. As the days drew on he hinted at first, and then intimated most broadly that Mr. Estey was outstaying his welcome. His remarks seemed to fall on ears that did not hear. To be sure Mr. Estey moved to the fashionable hotel at Harnwich By-the-Sea when Mr. Beach intimated that he expected other visitors. He was too much of a gentleman to fail to notice the meaning of such a remark as that. But this only made matters worse, for now the young man's attentions were made but more openly and the young lady's reciprocal feelings but more manifest. Mr. Beach could not unmask the intruder except by acknowledging that he himself, had purposely foisted a bogus Lord upon the high society of Harnwich. In this dilemma, he had but one last trump to play. He could tell his daughter that Mr. Estey was plain Mr. Estey, not Lord Bodleigh as she supposed. But he was not at all certain that his one last trump would take the trick.

Matters were at a crisis when Mr. Estey appeared one night before Mr. Beach in a state of some embarrassment and asked for the hand of his daughter in marriage, at the same time confessing his love for her in terms that spoke only too truly of his sincerity.

"It is high time," thundered Mr. Beach in reply, "that Viola be undeceived."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Estey, using that exasperatingly well-bred formula.

"I mean that you should, in all honesty, tell her that you are not Lord Bodleigh," answered Mr. Beach. "I am sure that will end the affair."

"But I cannot do that," answered Mr. Estey, "without telling an untruth to Viola—I beg pardon, I mean Miss Beach. As a matter of fact, I am Lord Bodleigh, and have been guilty of no deception to her at all."

"What?" shouted Mr. Beach.

"It is all as I have said," answered the young man. "I can readily prove who I am by referring you to the diplomatic service in Washington, and to any of the representative Englishmen in New York. I have been traveling incognito under a family name that is rightfully mine."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Beach.

And then he realized that he was a fool who had been foiled in his folly. And the worst of it was that he had been foiled by a foil.

"Well, take her," he answered finally. "I suppose you might be worse than you are. But if you were a Duke or an Earl or a Prince, by Jove, young man, you should not have her if I had to—"

He never completed the threat. It was such a useless one.

The Umbrella's Place in History.

As a study the umbrella is deeply interesting. It has its place in history, mythology and religion. In the sculptured remains of Nineveh and Egypt there are representations of kings, and occasionally of lesser potentates, riding in state or going in procession with umbrellas over their heads. This would seem as if in those early days umbrellas were more a mark of distinction than for either use or ornamental purposes. And indeed many of the writers persuade us that this is so. It has been quite solemnly averred that the very first suggestion of the umbrella was in the humble mushroom and toadstool, and to this day the Parisians call the erections set up in the Bois de Boulogne as shelters for their pedestrians "chamignons." — New York Commercial Advertiser.

In writing poetry "tho" and "thro" are abbreviations of "though" and "through" and are recognized in phonetic spelling.

# A UNIQUE SCHOOL.

## Giving to Little Cripples a New Life and Education.

Every school morning a Fifth avenue stage rumbles over a slow round, stopping here and there in front of rickety tenements. A strong man goes up the stairs of each tenement and returns, bearing in his arms a misshapen or stunted child, with an eager face, says the New York Press. When the stage is full it makes its way to the school building in East Eighty-eighth street, where its load is discharged. Then the operation is repeated, the stage going to other houses and returning with another load. All the children are from the East Side, and most of them from homes where gaunt poverty and dull want reign. Until the school for crippled children was established by the Children's Aid Society with the means of transporting them to and from the school rooms, these little unfortunate people frequently huddled desolate and alone, suffering and neglected, while their parents were out at work and their lustier brothers and sisters at school or playing in the streets.

Too often they were an object of hatred to their parents, who looked upon them as a burden and almost a disgrace. Sometimes they were considered idiots, lack of opportunity and habitual neglect having reduced them to a state which indeed did resemble imbecility. Big boys well advanced in

mental fatigue. The teacher sees to it that the children go to the dispensaries for treatment, and that they wear the braces, which many of them want to cast off, thinking they tend to make them conspicuous in their infirmity.

The children have kindergarten work and the branches taught in the primary school. Much of the teaching has to be along individual lines, be-



IN THE CRIPPLE SCHOOL.

their teens had to begin with the rudiments of education when they were brought into the school, and conned the alphabet and numerals as laboriously as an ordinary child of five or six would. But in most cases it was found that intelligence was not lacking—it was only dormant and dull from absence of exercise.

The moral nature of some of the crippled children seemed to be perverted as strangely as their bodies. Most of them think that every one of the ridicule to which they have been subjected always, and resent the opprobrium cast upon them by their misfortune. One little chap, dwarfed by half the size he should have been, did not want to go to school. He longed only to hide away from human sight and the unkindness of the world.

In his small body there was room for much bitterness of feeling and a great indignation against the fate that had imposed such suffering upon him. He was as truly a cynic as the man embittered by years of hard experience, disappointment and injustice. He would protest against his life's decree and rail against his circumstances with pathetic ferocity. He wanted to be big, like other boys, and he always was being told that he was a runt, a dwarf and all the hateful names that described his undersize. He felt that if he went into a school he simply would have more of such epithets hurled at him.

But he was coaxed out of his shell, and, to his surprise, he met with nothing but kindness. No one mentioned his size, except once or twice when a teacher remarked that he was growing or said what a nice big boy he was getting to be. These were the pleasantest words he had ever heard and his hard little heart softened under them. Now he is one of the happiest children in the school, and the greatest hardship he could imagine would be the deprivation of his school privileges.

Not mental pabulum alone is provided for the cripples. They have to be washed and decently clad before they are fit to appear in the schoolroom. This attention alone increases their self-respect, for they are more sensitive than normal children. There is a trained nurse in the school to wash and treat the afflicted portions of their bodies and to adjust the bandages and braces properly.

Nourishing and appetizing lunches are served, and frequent changes in occupation rest the body and keep off

cause no two are of the same age or have the same degree of development.

The principal of the school, who is deeply interested in these children, hopes to train those who are strong enough to do some kind of work that can be carried on at home, and not only will make them self-supporting, but add to their contentment of mind. Sewing, bent iron work, wood carving, and similar occupations could be taken up advantageously by many.

There are other children in the building, kindergarten pupils who are taken care of for the day while their parents are at work. The consideration and kindness that they show to the less fortunate children are beautiful. The principal says that the coming of the cripples has had an excellent effect upon the whole school. It is much easier to keep them quiet and to train them to be gentle when they have the cripples to think of, and they are eager to help them and to make things pleasant for them.

If a comfortable conveyance could be provided to take the children to and from school it would be a boon to them and a great help to the work.

## CLIFF DWELLERS OF SHANSI.



Shansi province is closely associated with the history of China of long ago. Centuries ago the capital of the country was located in this province. Shansi adjoins, on the west, the province of Chi-li, in which the present capital city of Peking is located. There is a wild picturesqueness about the scenery of Shansi that fascinates the beholder. A range of mountains skirts the northwestern corner of the prov-

The jolting stage is none too easy for well folk, and for little ones suffering from diseases of hip, spine and other sensitive parts of the body it often entails extreme pain. Five hundred dollars would buy a rubber-tired vehicle built purposely for ease and comfort of transportation, and would aid greatly in the work being done to lift these crippled children from a state of degradation to a condition of enlightened mentality as well as of improved bodily health.

## PIGEON ROOST

Proposed for Roof of the Chicago Board of Trade Building.

A singular proposition has been made to the board of trade officials by I. O. Paulouse for the utilization of the upper floor of the building in which the great commercial exchange holds forth, says the Chicago Chronicle. Above the trading hall is a space 80 feet square which is practically wasted. The ceiling of the trading room is of glass. It was intended to make the interior more bright than the illumination furnished from the side windows, but in operation the light proved to be too intense and the glass ceiling or roof is covered with sawdust. Above this is the regular glass roof of the building. The space between the two is protected by iron grating not unlike that surrounding a poultry yard. Paulouse has asked the officials of the board to name a rental for the space which he wants to utilize as a pigeon coop. He says that the downtown district at one time supported thousands of the

## SPORTING IN ALASKA.

Many Kinds of Game are in Danger of Extinction.

Reindeer have made themselves thoroughly at home in Alaska—that marvelous country whose richness in animal life and agricultural possibilities is not yet half suspected by the majority of Americans. The pilgrim fathers of the family were imported from Lapland in the early stages of the Klondike craze to be worked and eaten by the starving miners. They luckily escaped being eaten, and were later reinforced by 700 reindeer doe imported by the government from Siberia. From the mixed herd of 1,000 head, or a little more, they have multiplied to 3,000, and under Uncle Sam's protection they promise to play an important part in the future of Alaska and add greatly to its wealth. The 25 Laplanders who came over with the first consignment are on their way home with about \$700 each, saved out of their earnings as reindeer drivers and mail carriers. But Alaska needed no importations to add to its fascinations. Gold? Of course—everybody knows about that, but everybody doesn't know that gold is one of the least interesting things about the country. Take strawberries, Alaska has near Big Stone a strawberry bed seven miles long and two miles wide. Fourteen square miles of strawberries! And they are beautiful. Nothing finer is grown in this country outside a hothouse. Raspberries and blackberries, too, reach a high pitch of cultivation in Alaska, which is popularly supposed to grow nothing more nourishing than glaciers. Oats spilled by mules as they feed grow wild higher than a man's head, and would yield, it is estimated, 200 bushels to the acre. big as a man's hat. Alaskan tomatoes are described as big as a man's hat. All manner of fruit and vegetables belonging to temperate climates thrive amazingly. All this, of course, is south of Bering sea, in a region where, thanks to a warm ocean current, the temperature seldom reaches zero, even in the long winter nights. As for game, big and little, it is of unmatched richness, but bids fair to be extinguished. Deer exist no longer, and the moose and the sea otter are hovering on the verge of annihilation. Nevertheless, an Alaskan traveler, C. F. Periolat, has just returned home with a collection of the largest moose heads in the world. But the sportsman is less of a menace to the fauna of Alaska than the trader. The skin of a single sea otter will now sell in London for as much as \$1,200.—New York World.

## CONTESTS IN LONDON.

How the East Enders Amuse Themselves in Winter.

East-enders are already preparing their programmes for spending the long, cold winter nights, and if life, as lived in Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Shapney and on the river side, is frequently hard, 'Arry and 'Arriet manage to get a lot of fun out of it. The east end season is just beginning, and the air is full of challenges from all sorts and conditions of champions. Billiards are "no class" out Bow way; but a skittle match is a great event and draws a full house. Egg-eating, too, is becoming a show card, though it has not yet displaced the beefsteak pudding contests in popularity, says the London Express. Then shove ha'penny, mussel opening, oyster opening and had-dock splitting all take the floor in turn and a struggle between two real champions at these "sports" proves a magnet. They take as much interest in the issue as many people do in the Derby. But it is music that does most delight the soul of 'Arry and his donah and they walk miles to be present at any sort of musical contest. Nothing comes amiss and as long as the programme is carried out they are satisfied. A canary singing match is still worth pounds in custom to a publican, while "whistlers" are sure of good patronage. The supporters and admirers of Bill and Tom will spend money freely to hear their champions taking part in a mouth organ contest, and it is wonderful the melody that two "experts" can bring out of a comb. An ordinary piano or violin isn't in it.

## Educate the Women.

In a sermon recently delivered at Rome by Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Ill., a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, he said: Since it is our duty to educate, it is our duty to give the best education, and first of all to give the best education to woman; for she, as mother, is the aboriginal God-appointed educator. What hope is there of genuine progress, in religious life especially, if we leave her uneducated? Where woman is ignorant, man is coarse and sensual, where her religion is but a superstition he is sceptical and irreverent. If we are to have a race of enlightened, noble and brave men, we must give to woman the best education it is possible for her to receive. She has the same right as a man to become all that she may be, to know whatever may be known, to do whatever is fair and just and good. In souls there is no sex. If we leave half the race in ignorance, how shall we hope to lift the other half into the light of truth and love?

## Potato Starch of Our Country.

Nearly 16,000 tons of potato starch are turned out annually in this country. The potatoes used for starch are the small and injured ones of the crop. Sixty bushel of them yield a barrel of starch.

When a woman is out calling on people that she thinks are fashionable, it always makes her mad to hear her husband talk about "veal pot-pie."